

Published by  
**HALL & TIPTON,**  
 Every Friday Morning.

TERMS  
 One copy one year \$2.00  
 One copy six months \$1.00  
 One copy three months .50  
 Single copies .05

Exposition for which we do not print a newspaper on any day.

Special terms to clubs of five or more.

# Weekly Herald.

AND TENNESSEE JOURNAL.

CLEVELAND, TENN., JANUARY 19, 1877.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Parties sending advertisements should say how long they want them published, or they will be continued "ad libitum," and charged accordingly.

Advertising names of candidates for office, or of churches, or of any other kind, will be charged half advertising rates.

VOLUME 2. NO. 2.

TERMS \$2.00 A YEAR

## OGDEN BROTHERS,

Successors to

SMITH, OGDEN &amp; CO.,

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

WHOLESALE &amp; RETAIL

BOOKS,

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of

STANDARD BOOKS, and all the latest

publications, and will sell at

the lowest prices.

L. L. OSMENT,

General Insurance Agent.

FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Home Office

New York

Insure with the

Fire Insurance Co.

Recovering a cash capital of over

\$100,000.

J. H. McGill's

Celebrated

At House Creek,

Passenger Train, West

Creek, Tenn.

J. H. GADY, A. S. COWAN,

CLEVELAND, TENN.

GAUT &amp; COWAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Practices in the 14th Judicial Circuit and

Supreme Court.

BOOK STORE!

J. S. ROBERTSON &amp; Co.,

Proprietor

CLEVELAND, TENN.

Keep on hand all kinds of School Books,

Novels, News Papers and Periodicals. Also

a full line of

Stationery, Jewels, Wall Paper, etc.

Sep 3-15.

DELANO HOUSE,

CLEVELAND, TENN.

Convenient to Railroad, Commercial

Hotels and to the Public Square. Has a

full line of

Public Square Free of Charge.

S. H. D'ARNO, Proprietor.

CARPENTRY &amp; REPAIRING

DONE ON SHORT NOTICE

Lumber Furnished to Order

by

BAKER &amp; SLAUGHTER,

CLEVELAND, TENN.

Shop on R. R. Street, opposite the

Depot.

Are also authorized to sell

CELEBRATED RUBBER PAINT

for Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

Shingles and Tin-roofs for

## WAS IT LUCK?

BY JENNIE STERLING.

There appears to be a streak of ill-luck running through the genealogy of some families; their undertakings never prosper, or if it happens that good luck seems about to "turn up," disappointment invariably follows as if some Nemesis pursued them.

An individual with just such a family history, on a certain day in the year 1875, was sitting at the small window of a poverty-stricken looking dwelling in the out-skirts of Brooklyn.

He was a middle-aged man, pale and melancholy, yet having an aristocratic bearing, which even shabby clothing could not quite conceal.

While appearing to gaze at the view without, his thoughts were in reality concentrated upon himself.

"Lena," he said, suddenly addressing his companion, "Lena, there is no use in striving against fate. The family curse pursues us even here, just as it has expected to be installed as clerk in Brooks' employ, a younger man steps in to the position."

"To-day I find I have reduced the slender roles of my faithful boots to such extreme attenuation that I doubt if they can carry me much longer in search of employment. I am thoroughly discouraged."

His wife responded with a sigh all through the year of their married life he had been discouraged. It was the same old cry under all circumstances, whether of good or evil.

She was of that gentle type of women who are born consolers, who suffer in silence, but are accustomed to look at the bright side of things, to point to the silver lining of the cloud, to the rainbow of promise; but now, she too, was losing hope and courage, being under the influence of a torturing poverty, which was slowly pinching and grinding their lives away.

"Hermann," she said at last, "you are right, fate is against us! Her husband turned quickly, and looked inquiringly and anxiously into her face.

It was a pale, wan face, possessing traces of former beauty; she answered the look by repeating, "My fate is against us."

"Then you, Lena? then I am discouraged, let me do her worst," he said bitterly, folding his arms, and sitting listlessly back into his chair.

"Hermann, you must sell the ring!"

"What! sell the only reminder of former greatness—our heirloom. What can you be thinking of, Lena?"

"I am thinking of gold," she replied, "with an empty purse and no credit, and exacting, importunate landlord, and no prospects for the future. It is folly to hoard the glittering bauble, for surely it is nothing more to us, shut up as it is in its leather case."

"Yes, yes, I am God forsaken! I have been selfish enough in dragging you down to my own level. I will sell the ring for your sake; but Lena, do not forget that a curse may follow."

Hermann Ulrich emigrated from Germany with the expectation of improving his condition in the land of freedom.

He belonged to a "good old stock" family, having a fatality attached to his history.

His father, from the wreck of fallen fortunes, retained the ring which he placed on his son's finger when dying.

"I charge you not to part with it," he said; "keep it for your boy's sake, for whatever good fortune is in store for its possessor, it brings—loss, or sell this family legacy a heavy curse will inevitably follow, so says our tradition, so say I," and thus was the good baron's bequest brought safely over the ocean and kept as a sacred treasure, not so much for its intrinsic value, as for its associations, and the superstitions connected with it.

The grandchild to whom it would descend in the order of consanguinity, died shortly after his arrival in New York City.

The small sum of money at their disposal was soon exhausted; obliged to move from place to place in search of cheaper rent, they had located themselves in Brooklyn, and there, strangers in a strange land, starvation seemed probable. Nothing remained but to sell the ring, and it was not without many severe struggles that Ulrich consented.

It was Lena's words decided his wavering purpose. "My boy is dead, and I cannot see my wife starve," he said to himself apologetically.

About a mile from the dwelling where these unfortunate victims

to superstition were fighting poverty and adverse fate, there lived a poor-withered old woman in a miserable shanty called the "rookery."

She was out every morning long before the dawn of day with her basket and brook, diving into gutters and barrels in search of something to exchange for bread.

She worked industriously at her humble calling with a will, because she had a motive, a motive as strong as any which moves the heart to action—it was love.

Yes, it was a loving heart which beat beneath those rags.

To watch her, bending over a filthy barrel, searching through its mass of rubbish, to note the scant faded dress and the old rag which served for a shawl, and the dirty hood drawn over the wrinkled face, bronzed by constant exposure to sun and wind—it would be extremely difficult to imagine the slightest degree of tender feeling within; in fact, to imagine that a human soul lived under such an exterior.

But follow her home after a day's work is disposed of, and we shall find that self-sacrifice and devotion is sometimes found under the low roof of a hovel.

Before she enters the small apartment she calls home, she disappears into some dark corner, and divesting herself of the old trumpery, emerges fresh and clean.

"You are better to-day, Benita. See, my darling, I have brought you something nice," she said, holding up a bunch of tempting purple grapes.

The person thus addressed was seated in an easy chair, supported by pillows, evidently an invalid convalescent from long sickness, for her eyes, foretold returning health.

She was beautiful—remarkably so, and it was made still more apparent by her coarse surroundings.

"Always thinking and planning for me, dear grandma, and never for yourself," she said, looking gratefully at the old lady—shall we say?

Yes, lady, for if according to the American idea, the elements of true womanhood, unselfishness and politeness, constitute a lady, irrespective of condition, then the withered old ragpicker was one without doubt. She, however, would have disowned the title, being an Italian whose views of birth and station differ materially from ours.

When young and comely, she married one of her own station in life, and together they toiled happily; but with the improvidence common to the race and soil, they failed to lay by for a rainy day. Those "dark and dreary days" came only too quickly, for shortly after the birth of a son, the young husband died, leaving his widow to battle with poverty; bequeathing to his boy a name only.

The little Antonio, in due process of time, became a man of fine presence, with regular, handsome features, and large luminous eyes. These attractions gained for him much admiration, and at last a sweetheart, far above him in social status, who being passionately in love, dissented all advice and interference, and consented to a secret marriage.

In company Antonio's mother, the happy couple came to the New World, the El Dorado of the unfortunate, where they were blessed with a daughter, to whom was given her grandmother's name—Benita.

She was a lovely child, full of grace and sweetness, which every day developed into the formation of a fine disposition; and being sent to the public schools of New York, she could hardly fail to acquire a smattering at least, of knowledge.

At the time we introduce her, she was in her eighteenth year, her parents both dead, her grandmother being her sole support and protector.

Perhaps it might be thought strange that Benita did not obtain employment of some kind, and thus assist by a division of labor.

Alas, poor girl, she was unable to move any part of her body except her arms, for a fall received years before had weakened her spine, leaving partial paralysis.

But thanks to a noble charity, and the skill of Doctor Knight, who was rapidly recovering the use of her limbs by aid of braces and straps, and he prophesied a speedy return to health and strength.

Grandmother thought no task too laborious, no labor disgraceful, that brought comfort to her darling, the only being she loved, or who in return loved her.

She tried all kinds of employment—washing, ironing and scrubbing; but the hard time coming on families who had hitherto hired labor, now did for them

selves, and work failing, she was forced to accept the shelter of the "rookery," and was thankful to learn the profession of gleaner from the teaching of an experienced ragpicker.

So we find her after a day's toil ministering with an angel heart, and bringing delicacies to tempt the appetite of the sick girl.

"Do you ever think of yourself?" inquired Benita, in a low, musical voice, a gift from Italy; "when shall I be able, I will not say to repay, but to show my love."

"Only get well, and I am satisfied," replied her companion; "but I've a surprise for you," she continued, taking a paper from her pocket, and spreading it before her on the table.

"The FAMMY STORY PAPER, as I live," the girl exclaimed; "it's just what I wished for. Oh, grandma, you are indeed a kind fairy."

"But a very old withered one, dear child; now you can amuse yourself to-morrow during my absence by reading the love stories in it."

"That will be delightful, for the time does seem tedious, but I know that you bought it, instead of your supper. I think you are waiting for your good things in another better world."

"Benita, good luck, sooner or later, follows our family; and incredible as it may appear, I tell you we shall be rich yet."

"I hope so, blessed old comforter, for your sake I am rich now."

What could she mean, lying there strapped, and unable to move?

Shortly after this loving conversation, the aged woman started off as usual, basket in hand, hoping to fill it again, and, moreover, wishing to find a stray silver spoon or two, dropped by some careless housemaid, which could be converted into cash and comfort for the invalid.

The clouds were lowering, and soon a light rain began to fall, but still the seeker plodded on for many a weary mile, until at last returning weary and discouraged, she sat down upon the curbstone for a moment, stooping to tie her shoe.

As she did so, something bright and sparkling caught her eye, lying half hidden in a mass of autumn leaves.

Picking it up hastily, and looking cautiously around to see if there were any to snatch away the price, she found it was a white stone of great brilliancy.

Ignorant as she was, she yet knew that it was of value, and quickly hastening home, after carefully drawing down the window curtain, she laid it in Benita's hand.

"A diamond, as I live!" she exclaimed excitedly; "see how it sparkles as the light strikes it, beautiful, beautiful, but where did you get it?"

The history of the stone was related, and many and various were the conjectures, they formed in regard to it, how it came in the gutter, and why it had been over looked.

"Left there on purpose for us," said the elder Benita. "God is good; I told you that we should be rich, and now see this gem."

"But it may be worthless after all, nothing but a mere imitation," said her grandchild; "oh, if it should be a real diamond, we could sell it for ever so much money, and you could buy a nice warm dress and shawl."

"And you could have your story paper for a whole year, darling," and read aloud for you in the evenings, grandma."

After much consultation, which reached far into the night, they resolved to visit a leading clergyman in Brooklyn, and asked his advice as to its value, and the best disposal of it.

Accordingly, the next day, with many injunctions and instructions from her granddaughter, Benita, dressed as neatly as possible, sought an interview with the good minister, who was surprised at the appearance of his visitor.

"I am not much of a judge of diamonds," he said, "but I should say this is a very fine specimen. It certainly is no common gem. You must try at once to find its owner, my good woman."

"It is mine," said Benita simply, her ideas of ownership being limited.

He then explained to her the necessity and benefit of advertising, assuring her that if after a certain time, no one appeared to claim the lost jewel, it would be fairly her own to sell if possible.

Giving a reluctant consent, she returned home, but not without the stone that she cautiously concealed.

The clergyman made minute inquiries concerning her, fearing that she might have stolen it, and was convinced that her simple story was a true one.

In a few weeks, according to his directions, she called upon him, and learned that there had been no response to repeated advertisements; and now said he, "I will see that you get its value," and at his request, she accompanied him to a celebrated jeweler's on Broadway.

There he ascertained that the precious stone was of the purest water, and that its value could be estimated by thousands; and being a match for one they already possessed, it was accordingly purchased by the firm.

Farewell forever to ragpicking. A more comfortable home was sought, and soon found, the invalid was given an impetus toward health and happiness, both were increased by added comforts, and it was not long before she gained the use of her limbs, and was able to help herself.

As for old grandmother, the good clergyman found she was a rough diamond, only needing a beautiful setting and polish.

She fairly sparkled and shone with excess of happiness, all on account of her darling, and he told his wife, that "in spite of surroundings he thought she was a lady."

Hermann Ulrich never knew how or where he lost his ring. The superstitions of his family, preying upon his mind, combined with poverty and ill health, caused brain fever of which he died, his wife followed him soon after.

That diamond was the heirloom which brought good luck to its next possessor.

## WASHINGTON.

## The Present Disposition of United States Troops.

At the close of the session of the House yesterday, the 9th, a communication was presented from the Secretary of War in reference to House resolution dated December 8th, giving the disposition of United States troops. In accordance with the showing the troops here include an ordinance detachment, companies A, C, E, F and G, of the First Artillery; C, D and E, Second Artillery; A, D and E, Third Artillery; J, Fourth Artillery, and C, Fifth Artillery, all, fifty-one officers and 724 men. Total, 771. The number of troops scattered through the Southern States, excluding Texas, amount, officers and men, to 3,651. Of these, 1,005 are in Columbia, S. C., and a nearly equal force was at New Orleans. Nearly one half of all the troops in the South are within the State of South Carolina. The entire army roster is given at 47,064. The city and the South include at the time of the return about one-half of the armed forces of the country.

The Pacific Railroad Committee of the House is in prolonged session. All questions affecting the main stem are settled. The contest is over and the branches generally, but especially the two from New Orleans and the three from St. Louis.

The Judiciary Committee having under consideration the continuance of the telegraph operators and the Louisiana Returning Board, had another meeting this morning.

At this hour, [noon] in the House, Messrs. Saylor, of Ohio, and Durham, of Kentucky, are having a spirited fight over the bridge interests between Cincinnati and Covington.

The New York banker, Damond, submitted his books to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. They develop nothing. It is transpiring that the National Executive Committee retained lawyers on both the Atlantic and Pacific slope. The lawyers got the money.

A Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms left for Washington last night to serve on Mr. Orton's writ of the Speaker of the House to bring him to the bar of the House to answer for alleged breach of its privileges and a contempt of its authority, in failing to appear before Mr. Morrison's Committee with certain papers or telegraph.

The Sergeant-at-Arms has not heard from his deputy.

The special House committee on the privileges, powers and duties of the House of Representatives in counting the Electoral votes have, so far, agreed on only two points, first, the President of the Senate has power to count the votes; second, that the House has equal power with the Senate in counting the Electoral votes.

A Washington lady got angry at a young naval officer because he reminded her that he had once participated with her in a dance in which there was a kissing forfeit. A woman does not get half so angry when she is kissed, as when she is told of it. The rule is pucker up or shut up.

## A Scheme to Break up Congress.

The suggestion of Mr. Watter-son that the people shall petition Congress to inaugurate Tilden is received with general ridicule. Every one perceives the folly of sending on a Tilden memorial when the Republicans could counteract its influence by sending another, as largely signed, requesting the inauguration of Hayes. Besides, the consideration and investigation of these memorials would at once break up Congress. The question would at once come up, on their presentation, whether the signatures were genuine, and whether they represented actual citizens. To ascertain this would require, for each State which sent up a memorial, a committee of investigation to proceed to the points from which the memorials were sent respectively, with full power to send for persons, etc. Suppose that there should be thirty-eight memorials, it would be necessary to send out thirty Congressional Committees to see if the petitioners were actual persons, or only myths like Sary Gamp's Mrs. Harris. Thirty-eight committees of five Congressmen each would take from Congress 190 members, or about two-thirds of that body. There would not be a quorum left to transact business in Washington, and Congress would thus be practically defunct. The farce could be kept up indefinitely by sending in fresh memorials to Congress to inaugurate Hayes, Tilden, Peter Cooper, General Smith, John Smith, Nicodemus Smith, or some member of the eminently respectable Jones family, and the toils of the committees would become like the tales of the Thousand and One Nights.

The Mexican Confusion.

From San Francisco we have the announcement that President Lerdo, of Mexico, and staff, are now in the State of Jalisco (one of the wealthiest in the Republic), and that Lerdo has with him nearly one-half of the Mexican regular army, commanded by skillful Generals. His programme is to risk a battle with Diaz, and if successful to regain the capital.

From Brownsville we have the acknowledgment that the rumor that Escobedo was shot in false. The Brownsville report declares Escobedo is with Lerdo at Mazatlan. Diaz had advanced on the army supporting Iglesias, and the latter had retired from Queretaro to Guanajuato.

If Lerdo has an army with him, it is safe to infer that the line of States mentioned in a previous article are staking their fortune in returning the President to the capital. The fact that Lerdo's movements have been secret, is not to be accepted as evidence that his cause is weak, although it may be.

The New York Tribune does not seem to be exercised with a fear of civil war. It says:

Now, when there is nothing to fight for and nobody to fight, it is difficult to see how a first-class war is to begin. A possible collision, which political prophets have foreseen, is to happen in this city, when Mr. Tilden, after his inauguration as a pretender, is to seize the Custom-house, for the purpose of stocking his treasury and paying off the National debt. It does not appear how he will accomplish this rather spacious seizure, but when he has got through seizing and a Deputy Marshal takes his collector by the collar and walks him out, there may happen some explosive laughter on Wall street, but the gutters will not run with blood, and when the Tilden army is to march on Washington or any other objective point in order to seize somebody or something else, where will it start from, and who will furnish transportation and supplies, and pay the volunteers?

Immigration to Tennessee.

A letter has been received by Col. J. B. Killebrew, Commissioner of Agriculture, Statistics and Mines, from Charles S. Archer, of New York, in which he states that an agent whom he sent to Germany, wrote from Brinkum, under date of December 15, stating that owing to the threatened war between Russia and Turkey, it makes it difficult for emigrants to come over, being subject to conscription. The people distrust American land agents, having been swindled several times by them. He intends making another tour through a different section of the country, and endeavor to induce immigration to America, and particularly to Tennessee.

[Nashville Banner.]

## News From Washington.

Alate Washington special says: Although the Senate, Electoral Committee is laboring earnestly, and its members individually seem anxious that some definite plan of action should be decided upon, there is good authority of stating that the difference of opinion which called the committee into existence are as far from being harmonized as ever. The committee holds daily meetings of from two to three hours duration, and these have thus far been principally occupied in the

[Discussion of Precedents.]

More recently an attempt was made to decide upon a set of rules which should govern the counting of the votes. The same radical differences of opinion which the Senators have displayed on the floor of the Senate have, however, had their influence in the committee-room, and have militated against all

The Plans Suggested.

What these rules and plans are, none of the Senators will disclose, neither will they state with whom originated. In answer to a direct interrogatory propounded by your correspondent, a Republican member of the Committee admitted that nearly all of the methods suggested had more or less of a partisan cast, except one or two which proposed throwing the count into Supreme Court, or others that provided for the creation of a special tribunal for the settlement of the difficulty.

The same senator refused to answer a question whether the subject of the presiding officer counting the electoral vote had been acted upon any manner. He intimated, however, that it had been

Up for Discussion.

and it is inferable from his manner that it is one of the knotty points with which the committee is contending. The reticence of the members of the committee is not confined to their intercourse with newspaper men. They are equally backward about disclosing the secrets of the committee-room to their fellow Senators. One Senator, whose anxiety about the matter is apparent to even a casual observer, disclosed to-day that in his entire experience as a member of the Senate, he had never seen